

Pleasure For A BITCH



Whenever Debbie and Paula get together, there's bound to be a hot time happening. The two girls can't spend a minute together without screaming at each other – unless they happen to be licking each other's cunt.





Debbie decided to go down on Paula, and once that happened, there was no stopping these two cunt lapping wantons!





All's well that ends well,
and these two are
determined to lick until
their jaws ache.









Blow Dried and Jammed



Rita thrusts her tongue halfway down her friend's throat and loves it. So does Margie.



Rita loves to do Margie's hair. It gives her time to visit plus get her blonde pussy sucked dry.









Rita knows that Margie will follow with her tongue, and that's what Rita wants. They try to get together every week or so and lap cunt to relax. It always works. Both say cunts are good for you.











Always
Leave
Them
Lapping



A woman with long dark hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a dark bikini top and dark shorts. She is leaning back, her head tilted upwards, with her eyes closed. Her right arm is bent, with her hand near her shoulder. The background is a light-colored, textured wall.

Sylvia has but one rule
for those who go down
on her semi-sweet muff:

Always leave them
lapping. Make her want
it all the time.





Sometimes if
the mood is
right, Sylvia
will lap a bit
of cunt
herself.

This bitch
really knows
how to suck!



She enjoys it,
and it always
makes her lover
suck all the
harder.









LETS GET GOOEY



When Alice saw her friend Edie naked in the sun, she was overwhelmed with a desire to suck Edie's cunt. It had never happened to Alice before. She didn't know what to think.



Alice could barely control herself. She knew that before the day was out she was going to have to suck Edie's cunt.



Edie told Alice that she loved the feel of Alice's hands on her warm body.







It was everything she thought it would be: hot and juicy and pleasure-laden with hot comes! Alice wondered if she'd ever be able to stop.



'HITCH-HIKING HONEY'



"The stupid sonobitch!" Carol hissed to herself as she punched the steering wheel and black Olds went across Western Boulevard, past the chrome and leather and gaudily blazoned boutiques strung out like somebody else's gaudy beads, and roared up the ramp onto the Veterans Freeway headed north like the pursued in a car chase from *Starkey & Hatch*—except this ride was for real. "The stupid sonobitch!"

Three minutes earlier she had killed a man. This, after five law-breaking years as a hitchhiking escort, and the way things had started Tonight—after all these years—was the first time she had to let the hammer down hard on



the Magnum she used. She used to like the Hornbeck fragmentation of the man exploding free from her mind as she drove into the late-night traffic and screeched northward through the San Fernando Valley and escape.

She'd passed the liquor store just a few minutes before closing, passing the Green Crosses at the clerk's chest, jerking her head toward the register and dinging

her over-sized Grace carrying bag on the counter. "FBI 307" had snarped that the man had somehow been passed. At forty, he'd have to have been in some war or other, but he'd looked like he'd never even be a possible suspect before instead of incriminate, he'd gotten madlike peaks as the man's eyes flickered over the blue bags, leveled at her—and he charged straight at her from

around the corner. She hadn't had a choice. She had to pull the trigger or be caught on the spot. *Jesus . . . His face!* she thought once again, knocking whiteness on the wheel.

The first rays of morning light shatted across the Pacific's surface, when Carol saw the teenage girl standing at the edge of 101 with her painted sneakers and a thumbs pointed north. She had neither bag nor luggage at her feet.

Gravel scuttled around the hub-caps of the parking lots as Carol pulled interest of the teenage chick, rolling down the convertible window on the passenger side. "Where you headed?" she called.

The girl nodded her head in the direction Carol was headed. "San Francisco," she said. She had a lovely nose of亭亭立的, slender-length hair resting several inches beyond the nape of her neck. She wore a white blouse that contrasted strikingly with the California goldens of fresh, young flesh that blouse joined firmly against the blouse front. Carol felt a twinge of motion in her aching mouth. Clearly, the teenage chick was breasting the hip-hugger jeans. Looked painted on, playing up long, graceful legs. Like hips. She looked about seventeen, although something in the smoky eyes hinted at experience far beyond that age. It occurred to Carol that the girl might be used.

"That's the name of the place. How long is it'll have you there by late afternoon?" She swung again the car door and the teenage beauty got in beside Carol, who took another look. Now the new girl was resting on her, and no possible either, for the titillate outline of them beneath the denim was missing. An additional warmth spread through Carol's bone. Even at the relatively young age of twenty-eight, Carol had a strong appreciation for the sensuality of full-blown adolescence. The chick was almost be-

yond the latter, but definitely, she looked full-blown! There was the fire, tempestuous body of a temptress.

By the time she reached Sausalito farther north, Carol had made up her mind. It would be better if she stayed here the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon to savor the feeling of road freedom that had already set in. There was less than two hours remaining before reaching San Francisco, but she could not sleep. And while the teenage passenger had been far proven to be less than a witty conversationalist, to ease the tension of the drive, Carol nevertheless was hopeful that she could possess the maddeningly tempting body of the girl.

Carol pulled onto the gravel sloop of a restaurant and noted costs and parked. "How bout some breakfast, babe? I'm hungry."

The girl had been dozing off, but now she raised her eyes, looking around. "Yeah, that would be alright, I suppose," she said softly.

"Well, at least you could show a little more enthusiasm about it," Carol said, trying to tease the girl out of an obvious shell.

"Okay, then it doesn't make any great big difference to me, did I just have to get to Baghdad-By-The-Hay, right?"

"Shut. You sure are upright, baby? I was just trying to be friendly, you know?"

"Well, don't try too hard! The whole world's trying to be friendly." Her voice sounded like a chamber for the echo of angry words.

Carol gave her a look and headed into the coffee shop, the girl following, then ordered herself a platter of bacon and eggs, and the girl ordered ham and beans. Both sipped their coffee in silence. When the food was served, they ate ravenously and hurriedly. Carol paid a shiny-green cashier and went back into the parking lot, but instead of walking to the car, she headed toward the motel registration

office.

"Hey," said the manager, "where you going?"

Carol glanced at her over her shoulder. "I don't know about you, Hon, but I've gotta catch some sleep. Would you like to join me? Or do you want to go on alone?"

At this point, it really didn't matter too much which way the blonde teenager decided. Carol acknowledged that the girl was probably as dull in bed as she was everywhere else.

"Uh . . . you didn't say anything about sleeping," was the soft reply. "I . . . uh . . . want to get to San Francisco."

"I know . . . I know." Carol plodded, surprised at the soft malleable tones of softness that bordered the plaintive. "And I want to get to San Francisco. But I want to get some sleep before I get there."

Carol left the girl standing there and walked into the office of the motel, where a holding car in her fifteen given her the registration form to fill out. Then, paying her, she walked back out to the car.

The teenager was sitting inside, smoking a cigarette. "I want to go to San Francisco," she said, glancing at Carol with anger.

Carol pushed her suitcase off the back seat, slammed the door and walked around to where the girl was sitting. "Look, kid," she said, giving the girl a hard, unsmiling stare. "I'm going to there for a few hours. And I don't give a good goddamn whether you like it or not! So get your sweet ass out of my car before I stop you stupid!"

Still glaring, the girl slid off the car seat and slammed the door behind her. "It isn't fair," she snarled. "You shouldn't ought to."

"Oh, how it out your pants!" Carol stepped. She locked both car doors, then turned and started walking toward the motel. A sudden desire for the girl's smooth, tender body made her stop and

look back. "Well?" she asked, "are you coming or not?"

Silently the girl followed her into the motel room. Carol locked the door behind them. She quickly stripped and went into the bathroom for a quick shower. Returning to the bedroom, a few minutes later, she found the girl beneath the sheets. Carol finished toweling herself off, then drew the drapes and joined the girl in bed.

The girl jumped slightly when Carol's naked body touched hers. Carol lay silently for several moments. The girl's weight of blonde hair had a rich fragrance which Carol breathed in. Again her heart began to throb with a mounting expectancy. She propped herself up on an elbow, looking at the girl beside her. "You still mad at me?" she asked. "The that why you're not talking?"

"You said you came to get some sleep," the girl replied. "So why are you awake?"

Carol moved slightly closer. "Am, come on, baby," she said. She traced a finger over the girl's ribcage. "Let's be friends, okay? We'll just take a little nap. Then, I'll get you right to San Francisco, I promise."

The girl didn't make a reply. Carol slowly moved her hand over the same spot she had used her finger over. When the girl still showed no response, Carol boldly raised the pads of her hand over the girl's plump breasts. The plump, taut, young body shivered at the touch. But she didn't speak, nor did she try to remove Carol's hand. Expectancy hung like a blanket in the room, crowding Carol's mind, pushing the still memory of the night before into the rolling mists of vagueness.

Now her hands boldly cupped and kneaded the taut, plump breasts as Carol moved over the prone body of the girl who looked up at her wistfully and without protest.

Carol unbuttoned the blouse and tugged it off the girl's shoulders. Tennis shoulders—smooth, golden, waxy,

her breasts peaked perkily upwards, and Carol tugged the round nipples into prurient hardness. She worked an arm beneath the girl's shoulders, leaned, and brushed her lips with her tongue.

The last vestige of reservation left the girl reluctantly, but patiently, as now the girl's mouth opened, inviting Carol's tongue inside. Carol felt the suction of the girl's mouth envelop her tongue tip, sucking it further into the warm, wet chasm.

Carol pressed her own pulsating breasts against those of the girl, feeling the teenager begin to tremble against her, feeling the quickening of the young girl's breath. Carol traced a wet tongue down the girl's neck, down toward the breast breasts to love them with a lover's mouth, swirling the tip, the nipples, into spirals of excitement, now, as the damage begins to ignite. Quickly Carol unzipped the denim, pulling them over willing hips to the neckline, then off and onto the floor. Her eyes drank in the newest beauty of the teenagers' girl now spread wide before her expectant eyes.

The blonde mass of pubic bush was a warm triangle opening down to a swollen pink crevice already glistening with the youthful cream of excitement. Carol deftly dove a finger into the warmest gap, gently separating the fold of the male, tip of the teenager/teenager pussy. The girl thrust her hips furtively upwards, eager to engage the finger,导引 it into the pulsing depths of her heart.

The lips of the girl's pussy were great pink and glistening, slicking apart with excitement, the crimson coating them with a sheen of wetness.

"Please . . ." the girl softly moaned, tugging Carol's hair, thrusting her little young hips eagerly upward against Carol's hand. A juvenile malevolence emanated from the eager girl's pussy, acting like an aphrodisiac upon

Carol's spiraling pleasure. "Ooo, do me, do me, do me!" the young girl gasped.

Carol lowered her head down along the golden expanse of flawless flesh, down past the whirlpool of her deep navel, down along the lush growth of blonde coils to the upper crevices of the teenagers' femininity, and then between the folds of her cunt.

"Urmmmm . . . urhhh!" the girl groaned, beginning to push her delectable young pussy against Carol's mouth.

Carol worked gently on the excited pinkish red clitoris, pleasure beneath her tongue like a pink pearl of piquelessness.

"Ooh, make it, make it, SUCK IT!" the girl gasped. She began thrusting and thrashing for hips, pressing the phalluses of her upturned panties hard and belligerently now against Carol's vulva, sucking mouth.

"Easy, baby . . . easy . . ." Carol crooned into the gushing flesh that was opening like a blossoming flower beneath her mouth.

Carol gripped the girl's smooth, firm ass, holding it in place as her tongue speared cock-hole into the far reaches of the vulva, impaling flesh, at the same time introducing a finger into the girl's squirming bottom, driving it into the parchment, startin' anal to the last knuckle, as the girl assuaged outer pleasure, and muscles clenching against the digit wildly.

Carol moved in and out of the girl's ass with the finger, using a cadence in time with the fucking thicks of her tongue, the sucking of her mouth, as she all but swallowed the convulsing lips of the teenager's pussy.

The girl was lost in with ardor, squirming and thrusting, sobbing out her pleasure as the sensations of pulsing climax revolved around her, then broke over her like a tidal wave, convulsing and shaking her, convulsing the rippled waves her body like a thousand bright sun trembling notes the American night.

Poised
For
Pleasure



Helen had never seen such a sight. Perhaps it was because, in Paris, things occur that do not occur elsewhere. In any case, when the dyke on the bike asked her if she wanted a ride, Helen said yes. She wondered where it would lead. She would soon find out, of course.









To be in bed with another woman — Helen had never thought she would be in such a unique situation. She wondered if she would be addicted to this form of pleasure — and she secretly hoped that she would be.





The dyke's name was Sammi. She loved sucking cunt – that much was obvious. But she also was an excellent teacher, and Helen had much to learn about the art and technique of cuntlapping. She was the most willing student ever!

Helen wanted to move in with Sammi, but the butch wisely told her no. They agreed to meet on weekends.





MODEL BEHAVIOR

When a top model like Steffi decides to relax, the last thing she wants to see is a male face. That's why Steffi always chooses Annette to play with. Annette knows just what Steffi needs - a hot wet mouth glued to her juicy clit. Steffi can't get enough of Annette's mouth. She especially likes to be kissed on the ass.





It always starts slowly, with a sensual massage that progresses smoothly into a hot oral session. Steffi knows that most men would saw off their arms for some of her action, but she's not interested. She likes girls, and she gets what she wants.









Annette loves to see Steffi's lush body aroused, and she loves to see Steffi's pretty face between her legs.



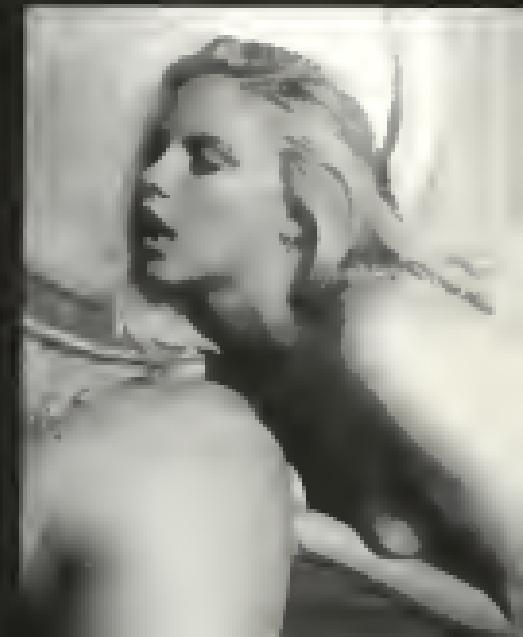






Steffi secretly believes that only another woman can actually satisfy her—no man would know what to do.

She wonders if she should invite Annette to move in—but that would cut off Steffi's other oral action!







LESBO LUNCH



When two hot ladies who refuse to wear panties get together for lunch, you can bet it's going to be an exciting feast! At first Joan was nervous — she'd never dined with a cunt staring her in the face. Still, Nora's blonde beauty was easy to get used to, and before they'd finished their coffee, the two women knew the afternoon would be spent in bed.



Joan
had told her
that she'd never
get enough hot
oral love!



Nora never
thought it
would be so
good.













Trio At St. Tropez

A glass of wine was all it took — that, and the hot French sun beating down on their braincases. It seemed only natural to go for it right then.









Who would've thought that a mere thirty minutes after their arrival, Carla and Brigit would be up to their armpits in pleasure!







Greta knew what she was doing when she invited those Scandinavian cunts down for a free vacation. She'd never seen the two women as hot and horny as they appeared. They would do anything in order to lie in the sun.





Carla was moaning with pleasure and
Briget was snorting because
she was so excited.



It was going to
be a splendid two
weeks – hot cunt
every day!





The desire to suck, lap or otherwise stimulate a cunt into a state of pleasure, starts at an early age. These two, fresh out of high school, are about to experiment with each other's delicious cunt.



TEENAGE TWAT LICKERS





It was all
that they
expected it
to be – and
more!



















SAPPHO DELIGHT

When tit queens get together, it's bound to be a hot, juicy session! They like the quiet company of each other, and they both know exactly how to best fondle and arouse each other's tits. Soon they progress to the real thing—hot and honest cunt lapping. These two know all the tricks. Each is a certified oral technician. There can be no doubt that pleasure will be the end result.











Tits, cunt – they'll suck anything. Their pleasure begins to build slowly, but strongly.





They know a good session can take all day. Cunts taste good when they're hot and juicy, and both girls can't wait to come a few times and loosen up before getting down to the serious business of sucking. It'll be hot for hours with these two!







Wheek! Wheek! Wheek!
H-H-h coming, coming, every-
thing!" the girl screamed,
racing frantically upwards as
though in a death spasm, before
falling helplessly back upon the bed.

Carol raised her head, wiping
all the girl's tears from her lips. She
looked down at the flushed face of
the girl, the smug look in the
slimmed eyes looking unconvincing
by upwards at her. But the girl
said nothing.

Now Carol moved upwards
along the inert, semi-nudated body,
knees on either side of the tom
boy's shoulders, pussy now
directly over the girl's face.

Carol eased herself downward
slowly, until she felt the wet lips
of her pussy against the girl's
mouth. She felt a tentative, deli-
cate flick of the girl's tongue
against her own clit, felt a
sudden, rhythmic shudder shoot
through her as she began to gently
cockscrew and roll her hips,
riding her clit and over over the
girl's mouth and clit.

Almost ably, the girl placed
her hands upon Carol's hips, on
carrying the rotation, and Carol
fucked with an increasing fury
against the teenager's mouth,
feeling a spring somewhere deep
inside her begin to coil tighter and
tighter until it exploded like an
atom, hurling the shards of
pleasure throughout her body, her
cream shooting out against the
girl's waiting mouth as Carol
shrieked, then again, and still again
with the staccato of a string of
firecrackers.

Now tired, limp and ready for
sleep, Carol rolled off the surpris-
ingly passionate teenager, rolled
onto her back and closed her eyes.
"Thanks, baby... see you in a
little while," she murmured, as
she snuggled her with the warm
delicateness of the girl's com-
fortable surface. She patted one of the
girl's exposed breasts, then
succumbed to the demand for
sleep.

It seemed almost that the mo-
ment Carol had closed her eyes,
she felt the bones of the bed at

the teenager bounded from it.
Instant later, she heard the
booming voice of an announcer
from the TV set turned on too
loud.

Carol opened a reluctant eye
and looked at the girl. "Are you
crazy? Turn that thing off!" she
demanded.

"Where are we going to San
Francisco?" The girl's voice
carried none of the warmth Carol
might have expected. "I did what
you wanted. Now what are you
going to do with I want?"

Anger rolled through Carol's body,
invading every the last fragment
of pleasure from the explosive
climax of moments before. Her
voice took on a wimpy flatness.
". . . When I'm good and
goldenrod ready! Now turn that
thing off!" Part of Carol's anger
was from the girl's total repudiation
of the experience they had
earlier shared.

"I want to go now. Right now!"
the girl insisted petulantly. Like a
small, single-minded child. She
was standing by the television
set, still naked, her hands on her
hips in a gesture of complete defi-
ance.

Carol closed her eyes. "So go
ahead and bitchslap. I don't care.
Just stop happening me!"

The girl bickered silent, but the
television set stayed on. Carol
began to count silently to ten,
trying to quell the anger that was
rising like green bile in her throat.

She would be able to sleep no
matter how long the teenager
played the television, she was
that tired. Too tired to even get
up and turn it off.

The local newscaster's voice
had a few urgency to it now, and
gradually Carol became aware of
the words.

"... considered psychotic," the
newscaster was saying. "Police
believe she was hitchhiking along
the Coast Highway somewhere
north of Santa Barbara. Motorists
are advised to approach hitchhikers with extreme caution.
Miss Ruddy has already stabbed
at least three known persons to

death, and is believed to be suffering
under delusions of persecu-
tion, making her extremely
dangerous. Her last known . . .

Constitutioned to the words, but
her sleepiness blunted their im-
pact, preventing the meaning
from filtering through. She
yawned, squinting contentedly
as she could under the circumstances,
nuzzling the cushions of
the sheets against her skin.

It was the clicking sound of her
alarm clock which made her again
look up. The girl was bent over
the opened suitcase, but now she
stood up, whirled, and faced Carol,
a cold, nameless smile upon
her face.

"You have no intention of tak-
ing me to San Francisco, you
bitch! You're out to use me just
like the rest," she said. In her
hand was the heavy, like mag-
num.

Carol gasped in startlement
and total alarm. "What the
f--- that thing down?" she shout-
ed at the girl. But the girl raised
it, taking the handle now with
both hands, bringing the muzzle
around so that it pointed at
Carol's face, and for a moment,
the woman had a fleeting recall of
the liquor store clerk—as his own
face disengaged in front of the
jolting gun.

"Put it down! I'll take you to
San Francisco right now!" Carol
shouted, beginning to ease up.

"... just like all the rest," the
girl repeated, still pointing the
heavy caliber revolver. Her eyes
seemed blank, as though staring
at something very far away.

Carol had swung her legs over
the edge of the bed now, a mere
few feet from the treasured girl.

Carol saw the girl's finger
whiz as it tightened on the
trigger. It was the very last thing
she saw as the gun exploded and
her mind was blindingly filled with
the colors of red, white and black,
conscious of the consciousness of
the girl as she tossed the gun
upon the bed beside her, turned
off the TV, walked out the door
and was gone.

